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NAMES AND DESIGN IN THE PROPERTY IN AND COURSE WARE. of the "shop" now that we were studyplad, also, anchoring Agree in Bulliand County, PALE OF THE STOXE CALLED First Beer Fast of Dyor's Metal.

Choice Poeiry.

LOVE ON.

Love on, forte on, the early made and before a shiften.
The residual term from the party of special five residual terms from the first of agent from the first of agent from the second section of the second from the first of the second second section and become from the first of the second second second section for the first of the second secon

Loss on, loss on, though we may live to see The dark face wither in the triving throad.
Though dark and dense the choice of drath may be Affection's given you shall partie the choice.
The travel spell that Heaven can give to lare.
The sweetest prospect Merry can bestow.
In the bloom'd thought that hade the soul be sure.
Twiff smeet above the things it loved below.

Love on here one-I reason broather the works. There may the grower even dwells abound 1. The estain is exheat by manumbered churds. As flowers because yield the fulfest smiled. As flowers keep againging, the their durating by he off put faith for whence to feed upon, So, hare I though runs by realises and the tenth, whall exil be precious, and shall still levy in.

Fire-side Miscelland. THE BUNG ESTATES: How I got my Wife and Fortune.

Half-past nine o'clock on a November morning. Third floor in No .--Gray's Inn Square ; a small sitting room with a seedy carpet, six venerable hopsebair chairs, a rickety table, a wickerwork easy chair, the remains of a frugal breakfast, and a young gentleman in dressing-gown and slippers lighting his digestive cigar.

There you have the time, place, and hero of our "domestic drama" about to be acted. The place was one of my rooms; the hero myself, Poltimora Badger, Esq., Member of the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn, and Student of

and a shrill voice cried, " Pa-per /"-It was the boy with my "Times:" I went and took it in.

course," said I to myself, as I turned first to the leaders. Just in the old style-cutting and slashing at the Opposition, and bolstering up the Ministry -the fermer, all fools, if not something worse; the latter, angels and " ministers" of grace-or, vice versa, according to who was in and who was out. What fools people are to bother their heads about polities at all! thought I. What difference does it make to them who's of Stokely-compuddle aforesaid, Sobeiin and who's trying to get in? Did any quiet man, who followed his cailing, did greatly to their advantage." his duty, paid his debts, loved his wife, and kept his conscience clear, ever find out the minutest particle of difference in his worldly affairs from the circumstance of the country being governed by Lord John Ga-a-head, or Sir Robert Steelthypace? Did any merchant ever sell an extra sugar cask, any lawyer ever pocket an extra fee, any doctor ever kill an extra patient, any parson pick up an extra tithe-pig, from the event of the Whigs beating the Tories, or the Tories thrashing the Whigs on one of the delightfully exciting subjects about which they talk for six nights running. and ten hours each night, and then decide with precisely the same result as if they had done it at once, and saved

in the remotest island of the remotest

planet known to us. We believe it is

who keeps writing to the "Times" lat-

at all, and expect soon to see " One

hundred New Planets have been added

to the Starry System by J. R. Hind,"

as we read of one hundred new copies

of "Basil" or "Esmond" being added

So we very soon left the "leaders."

and turned to more entertaining parts

to the stock of a circulating library.

"Dreadful nocident on the --

of the newspaper.

their lungs and health? It's all very fine for country gentlemen who have nothing else to do, or for younger sons 12s. 6d. in my waistenst pocket. who want places, and barristers who want judgeships, and demagogues who I started off for Stokely-cumpuddle. want noisy renown, to go and fight the battles of the state, and try to persuade others, if not themselves, that they are working for their country's good; but for people who have business to attend to at home, or for those who have no chance of places, and no ambition for Stokely-compuddle. The latter was not meb-popularity, it does seem to us an outrageous absurdity to go fretting, and fuming, and fussing, because ministers the more remarkable occurrence in my have been beaten, or ministers have had a majority-either of which results will

I arrived safely in Stokely-compaddie, and found the office of Mr John affect them, the fusing furning, fretting Pounce, Solicitor. I sent in my name, individuals, about as much as if the matter in question had been occupying and was ushered into the presence of the attention of the imperial parliament

Bung, Esq., I think, sir?" said I.

range, but there is some gentleman "I believe I am his heir-at-law, sir, and sole next of kin." terly, about twice a-week, with accounts of "Another New Planet," that we have not been able to keep up with him

I explained my relationship to the deceased Bung.

"Of course you have brought me lecal proofs of what you state?" observed Mr Poquee, blandly,

"No," I replied, rather staggered. "but I can get them, you know." Pounce, politely, " and then we'll proceed to business. In the meantime, as way." The blank may be filled up just I have no doubt, my dear sir, in my own mind of the veracity of your statement, will do as far as the certainty exists of I have less hesitation in teffing you that its having several times fitted into such | the deceased Mr Bung appears to have heading of a paragraph. We did not died without a will, so that all the proread that part because we were fixed of perty of which he was possessed will the subject. It is always the same pic- pass to you, supposing you to be his ture of horrors-glantly stories, that grandson. I was aware who his beir make one's blood run cold, and spoil was, but not knowing your accupation

or moral advantages from their persons. will soon be arranged." "Law Reports." We used to like "And." said I, in agrantion, "what them a little; but they were too much may be the value of the property?" Well," replied Ponnee with a sly ing law -- an we passed on. smile, "I should say about three thousmile, "I should say about three thou-

tleman, who have been dining out, to lings, and postago-stamps, and bankthat charity and benevolence have not coaches and the corn-laws. "The Advertisements." Aye-those

miss one of them; from the first ship and rattled back to London. for Calcutta, to the last sale by anction sons, and daughters, the pathetic appeals to hard-hearted mistresses, the "rewards" and "notices," daily figure. the elements of a decent romance hiddrawback to our pleasure in perusing ing no words of any known language on in his bill at all. earth, but consisting, we suppose, of a cipher. We call it the "slumpy" advertisement, as it always opens with a word which is something of that sound. usual story milkman and the baker hav-but we are very savage when we see it ing been making fuss about their ab--perhaps because we cannot under-

stand it - such is curiosity! What have we to day in that column? lessly. T. P. is carnestly entreated to return to his disconsolate parents and all will earnestly entreated to return. "Five teen and six, I think, sir." pounds reward. Lost-supposed to have been dropped in Regent Street, a La-One rap sounded on my outside door, dy's Gold Watch," &c. We are always puzzled by these advertisements. How, on earth can ladies drop a watch without hearing it tumble on the pavement, "What's the news?-nothing, of or feel it rattle against their toes? or how can the watch be worth £5, after such a concussion? "Dog Lost," Of course, how would the dog-stealers live otherwise, poor fellows? "Heirs wanted." Lucky fellows, whoever they are! Stop a bit though! what's this? " The Heir-at-Law, or next of kin of Abel Bung, Esq. late of Stokely-compuddle, in the county of Norfork, are requested to communicate with Mr John Pounce tor, and they will hear of something

> Why, it's my maternal grandfather, mean? Grandfather Bung never for three thousand two hundred and seven- lawyer in distress; "then I'm afraid gave my mother, though she was his ty-three pounds per annum. only child, for marrying my respected father, because that wretched criminal was only a lieutemant in the navy, and he, Bung, was a retired brewer, with made a will in favor of me! impossible. he hardly knew there was such a crea-

Where the deuce is Stokely-cum-nuddie? I rushed out and bought a " Bradshaw." By dint of immense menta exertion I made out how I was to get to it, Per Eastern Counties Rail. The would be a train at twelve. I should be just in time if I made haste. How were the funds though? I examined the state of my finances and found just was enough, however, for my ticket, so

I made up my mind to one or two either that the thing would turn out a sell" in some way or other, or if any luck were really in store for me,I should be killed in a collision on my way to at all unlikely on the Eastern Counties in those days; indeed the reverse was

that gentleman.

You advertised for the heirs of Abel " I did," was the curt roply.

" Indeed!" said Mr Pounce. " May

one's appetite for dinner, without en- or address I was obliged to advertise .abling us to derive any nort of mental. The identity once catablished, things

admire; no wife-bearing harbands to I'm really afraid that I got up and out that I could not find words in which to be was not very well "up" in French, execute; no drunk and disorderly gon- a raper, till it suddenly struck me that I was dancing over my granddad's grave. laugh at-there are sure to be little lists which appeared very shocking, so I sat of imitals of people who have sent shill down and tried to be serious. The rest ty- A gentleman has called, sir, and very unhappy at the people all riving of our conversation did not last long, and notes, and deafis, for the poor-box; and Pounce (who evidently was quite sure he is a dull fellow who does not feel his | of my being the right man) lawing sugheart a little bit the lighter from sering gested that perhaps I might be in was of a little "temporary accommodation." gone out of the world with the stage- as he termed it, I hinted that "fifty" would be very nicely, and so he wrot me a check of the Stokely-compuldie are the columns we love. We never bank, which I soon afterwards changed

I shall not soon forget how my tailer -we skim them all. Especially do we stated when I called and ordered a new trusion love the second or third column of the suit of mourning and threw him down first page, where the mysterious little 201, on account of his old bill. It is addresses to ranaway husbands, wives. my opinion that the respectable tradesman never expeted to be paid at all. and had gradually worked himself into recatalogues of losses and findings, and the signation to that destiny. The fellow was evidently in the highest state of de-We will venture to assert that there are light, though he tried to look grave and talked about "melancholy occasion, "&c., den in that column of the "Times" eve- as he measured me. I hinted that my ry day of its publication-aye, of half a grief was slightly alleviated by the fordozen romances sometimes. The only tune of five or six thousand a year it brought me whereupon the Schneider these columns is the occasional appear- stared harder than ever and expressed ance of a sile collection of letters form- his great sorrow that he had ever sent I believed bim.

The next person to be astonished was my laundress, who came with the surd little bills.

" How much are they?" asked I care-

"Well, sir," replied my venerable domestic, " there's nineteen and four for be arranged. We suppose "T. P." has the baker, and there' seventeen and two had a dip into the till, and ought to be for the milkman, including the heggs sent to Norfork Island instead of being and the butter, that's one pound, six-"You had better pay them for me

> couple of sovereigns, " and you can keep the balance in hand for contingen-The woman stared frightfully, and emed quite afraid to handle the money; she evidently thought it was " devil's coin." and I distinctly heard her

mutter " Lawk a' mercy!" as she took

Mrs Toddles," said I, pitching down a

it up. I pretended to be quite unconscious of all this. I shall not detain the reader with all the trouble I had in proving my pedigree, taking out administration to Bung. deceased, and getting possession of his property, besides the difficulty of finding out where all the money was invested and soforth. Suffice it to say, that I actually did get through it all and found myself in possession of money and the estate." by all that's delicious? What can it hand producing an annual income of

> I had long since formed a very correct estimate of my own accomplish. Mr Trumpington," ments. I knew that I was neither a genius nor a fool. I was perfectly certain that I was not a lawyer, and never should be one further than in name. I did not feel myself capable of making a great statesman, a great orator, a great author, or a great anything else; out I did think there were few men who would understand how to spend a fortune better than myself, and now came the opportunity for proving my

What a change a few weeks made! a place of my seedily furnished chambers on the third floor in Gray's Inn Square, I had taken a most perfect litbachelor's residence close to the Grosvenor Place, and fitted up with all that Gillows could devise for the comfort and adorement. I had established a little hunting-box in Northampton hire, ready for the ensuing season. I had purchased and engaged the necessary outfit of broughams, cabriolets, dogcarts, backs, bunters, pointers, setters, guns, valets, cooks, grooms, and stable-As for friends, it is a mystery to ne now where they all sprung from. In Gray's Inn I did'nt appear to knew a dozen men in the world. A few weeks later I could have reckoned them by fifties. They breakfasted with me, dined with me, rode my horses, smoked my eights, and borrowed my money as if they had known me from infancy, like a set of jolly, good-hearted, amusing, unscrapulous scamps, as they were .-And then they introduced me to their mothers and their sisters, and the mothers everwhelmed me with invitations, and the sisters smothered me with smiles, and I feel morally certain I might have married a dozen of them right off at once, if polygamy had not been so an-"Certainly, if you please," said Mr I spent. It is true I got a little tired to-

astifiably proscribed in Great Britain. How gloriously the time fled by !-What days and nights of bliss they were wards the end of the season, and was not perfectly satisfied to find that I had got rid of seven thousand pounds in six months, which for a man of three thousand a-year, was rather fast than other wise. However, I determined to be decently economical in the country, and with that reflection I consoled myself

exactly eight months after the day on which my story commences. The scenhowever, was somewhat different. was lying in one of the most delightful of heds, in one of the most perfectly fornished bed-chambers ever seen. exceedingly discreet and very quiet exlef entered the room, and ventured to armise me. The liberty amazed me .surb me at least three bours before my stuck next to a plethoric old John Bull, and Kate : I read with tolerable dill-

It was half-past aine in the murning,

" I beg your pardon, sir," said With- ally had the grace to appear obliged. ers, "but I hope you'll excuse my liberhe declares that he must see you on a sures me he's your own solicitor, sir, fomed I ventured to disturb you."

" What's his name?" I asked. handing me Mr Pounce's card.

" Very well, ask him to take a sent, I'll come directly." Withers departed, evidently gratified

" What the deuce can old Pounce cance, or some rubbish of that sort-Well I shan't stand it, at all events."-And with such reflections I proceeded to equip myself in my dressing gown, and sauntered into the breakfast room.

"Good day, Mr Pounce-what news?" I, said entering the rotan,
"Sad news—sad news, my good sir A will has been found, a will of Mr

where the venerable Pounce was seated.

Bung !" "A-what?" cried I, feeling very sick all at a sudden.

" Actually, my dear sir, a ger and perfectly legal will of Mr Abel which he had given away to his house-

"Oh! all a forgery," said I contemptgously, but feeling certain that it wasn't, " I'm afraid not, my good sir, I'm afenid not ." replied the lawyer. "I have seen the will myself, and it certainly is in the hand writing of the deceased Mr. Burg?

" But-but," stammered L. "who's his heir-to whom did he leave his

" To his old friend, Miles Trumpington, of Shipley Court," replied Mr Ponnee, "It was only found vesterday, and Mr Trumpington came to me at once about it, and I promised to see

"Of course I shall dispute it," said I plucking up a kind of faint courage. " I think you'd better not," said the lawyer quietly. The case is too clear against you my dear sir. I am authorized by Mr Trumpington to say, that he will not call upon you to refund the income which has already accrued on the estate, provided the lands and securities are yielded up by you at once,"

"He's devilish civil!" replied I, with a sneer. " Income, indeed! Why, I've spent nearly eight thousand pounds of " Oh dear, dear me !" exclaimed the

you're very hadly situated. He's not the man to forgive extravagance, this " Forgive!" cried I, in a rage; "he may go and be hanged. He has not

got the property yet, and shall not get it, in spite of his forged will." ble, and left me. An injunction from the Court of Chancery was served on tion to me with, " I say, Badger-" me two days after, to restrain from

touching any of the Bung property. I was brought to a stand-still. Two months later-talk of "the law's delay," indeed !- it was a great deal too tion. quick for my notions. Miles Trumpington. Esq., was in possession of the Bung estate, and I was a refugee in Boulognesur-Mer, with a ridiculously minute sum of money in my pocket, and with three sheriff's officers, and one Chancery serjeant-at-arms awaiting my appearance on the white cliffs of Albion, to clap me into durance vile for debts, and deficien-

cies, and contempt of Court. It seemed to me very much as if I had had a long dream. Could it really be true that I had been in possession of a fortune, and spent thousands for the old or last few months, and was now a beggar? What a jade was Fortune to serve me | lected Kate's presence. such a trick! Why could she not have left me quietly in my third floor in Gray's Inn Square, with my seedy forniture, my very triffing debts, my quiet conscience, and my respectable faundress, instead of dragging me forth, and then deserting me, and leaving me wretched and penulless? Decidedly I was very unhappy, and I think I had wish you a good evening, sir," and I

cause to be. What the deuce brings you large? On down I admire that spirit of yours. your way to Paris, she " said a voice, though it's thrown away. I don't want while a hand gave me a thump on the to insult you. I've come here to find back as I was musing on the beach one you out and to talk to you. I don't day. It was Tem Yntes, one of my want to refer to the past. You have "first" friends, of the West End, who had a lesson; I don't wish to be too sehad only known me as a man of fortune. | vere: so I say to you now -- come back replied I; but I have no tuck. I sup- will provide the means. And take an as you've been away some time, you nid mun's word for it, you will be a devhaven't heard of my change of fortune?" ilish deal heiter off for it. I beg par-" Change of fortune!

deuce do you mean?" was devilish serry and all that sort of with poor grandfather's fortune."

a table d'hate at a French betel in and but I swallowed it. the peculiar sort of people that frequent

When the diamer was over he looked and going away without the chat over

" Very had custom this," he said. 1 "What's his name?" I asked.

"Mr Ponner, sir," replied Withers,

1 suppose I could get a decent bottle of Post here, could I not?"

"I have no doubt of it." I replied --"Shall I impaire for you?" "Thank you! And perhaps you and

in my room to drink it." I looked at Tom and Tom nodded at want?" said I to myself. "I suspect me. So I said, "We should have much home. No father nor mother, brother idea found its tangled way into his organ he's come to lecture me about extrava- pleasure." The port was ordered, and

tleman's private sitting-room. " What odd things people do abroad!"

me from Land's End to John O'Groat's to make way for the upholsters choicest house, without speaking a word; but fancies. There were no pictures left upthe accident of not speaking French, on the wall, with sweet and and mournand my interpreting for him, has made ful eves to follow him with silent reus intinuete in half an hour." The stout gentlemen told us that he lightful as the new born joy that filled had only come over from England that his heart. day. He had had a hasty passage across, and his daughter, who was with him, had not felt well enough to dine, so that

her society for any length of time. By my wishes," degrees, as the wine warmed the old gentleman, he became confidental; he told us he had come over to find out a be in town. But he did'nt tell us what he intended to do with the sad young dog, or who that youth was, so that we

search of a scape-grace son. we were drinking the second bottle of entered the room. She was about to ry much obliged to him for doing so. three boosing fellows than hers. She thus: was-but no! I won't attempt to describe her. Let each young gentleman who reads these pages recall the face he loves best, and imagine that such was Kate's (so her father called her) and let each young lady glance in the glass and be satisfied with what she sees there.

" My daughter, gentleman. Kate my dear, these two gentlemen took pity on your father's ignorance of French, and helped him through down stairs; and now they have taken pity on his

solitude, as you see." Kate smiled-such a smile! It wasn't a bit like the smiles of the sisters of my ling chasp of loving arms; the lips that fast" friends, which never affected me in the least, while this went through and through me, and regularly settled me. Mr Pounce gave me up as incorrigi- I was in lose already-I knew I was. Tom was beginning some trivial ques-" Eli?" interrupted the stout old gen-

tleman, " what name did you say?" " My friend's name is Badger," said Tom, rather surprised at the interrup-

" Phew-w-w !" went the old gentleman with a long breath. "The very

"Hallow !" thought I, " who the deuce can the old chap be? He don't look like the sheriff's officer or a sergeant-atarms. Besides, they haven't a jurisdic-

" Pray, sir," said the old gentleman, very politely "is your name Pottimore Badger ?"

"It is," said L " Mine is Trumpington," said the

"The dev-," I stopped, for I recol-"It's after you that I've come, Mr Badger." said Mr Trumpington, "after

you, sir -- you, who have spent my mon-

The presence of your daughter, sir," replied I, with immense dignity, plunging me into profusion and luxury, "and your own age, protect you from the consequences of insulting me, though they by no means warrant it. I shall

rove to depart.

"Sit down, my young friend-sit "I wish I was on my way to Paris," to England, follow your studies, and I What in the don, Kate dear, for using that naughty word. Better off, so I say, than if you I related the story. Tom vowed he were still playing ducks and drakes

thing, and positively, I believe he was, I was going to reject the offer, and for he offered to lend me money if I maintain my dignified distance of manwanted any. Now a man never does ner; but I ranglet sight of a dark pair of that to a poor devil unless he has a real eyes tooking at me with such carnest friendship for him. I declined Tom's and hopeful interest, that I gave way offer, but accepted his invitation to dine -I melted-I thanked old Trumpingwith him at the tuble d'hote at his kotel ton, and he tuld me I was an excellent young fellow after all. That same " af-Everybody knows what sort of a thing ter all" was not reactly complimentary,

"You don't mean it?" cried I: and ordinary time of rising so astounded me, who had only arrived that day. As gence for the bar; I fell deeper and deeper in love with Kate Trumpington ; I assisted him several times, and he re- I married her (Tom Yates was groomsman) : the old gentleman consented, and | (wenty years since, the daughter of Mrs he has since departed this life, and Joft the once more in passession of the Bung Estates, with the Trumpington ones alcase of life and death, sir; and as he as- the bottle, to which he had been accus- so, and I only hope every one of my readers is as happy a fellow as I am.

The Lost and the Living.

The Invitable print may be stort and brief, He were won and win another: But the daughter charge with mechanging pred, To the image of her method.

But a fleeting twelve month had passat the quiet way in which I took his in- your friend will give me your company best against his own) was forever stilled, when Walter Lee brought again a fair young creature to share his widowed nor sister, claimed any part of the orwe adjourned to the plethoric old gen- phan heart he coveted and won. No expense or pains had he spared to decorate the mansion for her reception.thought L "This old fellow would Old familiar objects, fenight with tenhave travelled in the same coach with derest associations, had been removed proach. Everything was fresh and de-

"My dear Edith," said he fondly pashing back the bair from her forehead; "there should be no sladow in Bung has been discovered in an old box he had joined the table d'hote alone, but your pathway, but I have tried in vain he hoped that she would make her ap- to induce Nelly to give you the welperrance and give us her commany soon. | come you deserve; however she shall We thought, that if she were like the not annoy you. I shall compel her to old gentleman, we could dispense with stay in the nursery till she yields to

"Oh not! don't do that," said the young step-mother anxiously; I think I understand her. Let me go to her sad young dog, whom he suspected to dear Walter," and she tript lightly out of the room and left him to himself.

Walter Lee looked after her retreating figure with a lover-like fondness .concluded him to be an irrate papa in | The room to him seemed to grow suddealy darker, when the door closed af-At the end of about an hour, while ter her. Reaching out his hand he almost unconsciously took up a book that port, the door opened, and a young lady lay near him. A slip of paper fluttered out from between the leaves, like a retire when she saw us, but the old gen- white winged messenger. The joyeus tleman called her back. We were ve- expression of his face faded into one of deep sorrow, as he read it. The hand for a sweeter time never looked upon writing was his child's mother's. Itran

> "Oh to die, and be forgotten. The warm heart cold—these active limbs still—these lips dust. Suns to rise and set, flowers to bloom, the moon to silver leaf the trees around my dearown home; the mercy hugh, the pleasant circle. and I not here! The weeds choking the flowers at my headstone; the severed tresses of sunay hair forgotten in its envelope; the sun of happiness so soon absorbing the dew drop of sorrow !-The cypress changed for the orange wreath? Oh, no, no, don't cuite forget! fore you the face that once made suntold you (not in words.) how dear you were. Oh, Walter, don't quite forget From Nellie's clear eyes, let her moth-

er's soul speak to you. MART LEE." Warm tears fell upon the paper as Walter Lee folded it back. He gave himself time to rally, and then glided gently up to the nursery door. It was partially open. A little fairy creature, of some five summers, stood in the middle of the floor. Her tiny face was half hidden in sonny curls. Her little pinafore was full of toys, which she

grasped tightly in either hand. No, you are not my mamma," said the child. "I want my own dead mamma, and I am sorry papa brought you

step mother, " don't call me mamma, if it gives you pain, dear. I am quite willing that you should love your own mamma better than you do me."

Nelly looked up with pleasant surprise. "I had a dear mamma and a topia once," she continued; "and brothers and sisters, so many and so merry! but they are all dead, and sometimes my heart is very sad; I have no one now

to love me, but your pape and you." Nellie's eyes began to moisten; and taking out one after another of the little souvenirs and toys from her pinafore. she said. "And you won't take away this and this and this that my dead mamma gave me?"

" No. indeed, dear Nellie !" " And you will let me climb in my pape's lap, as I used ; and put my check to his, and kins him and love him, as much as I ever can, won't you?"

" Yes, yes, my durling." Walter Lee could hear no more, his

beart was full. What! Mary's child pleading with s stranger, for room in a father's heart' In the sudden such of this new fount of tenderness, had he forgotten or overlooked the claims of that belpless little one? God forbid : "From Nellie's eleur eves let her mother's soul still speak to you." Ave, and it did!

When next Water Lee met his bride, was with a chastened tenderness.-Nellic's loving little heart was presend close against his own. He was again "her own papa." No, he did not quite furget!- Olive Branch.

The sound of your hammer, save Franklin, at five in the morning, or nine at eight, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at the gaming table or heurs your voice at the taxers when you should The idea of the follow venturing to distance, especially at Boulogue. I was back to England with Trampington be at work, he sends for his maney went

Old Billy making his Will.

Old Billy L was a close and cute con on 'em." He married, about G ____, who had but one other child-She had about twenty " woelly heads," of which number she gave ber son Lem II, three; and living at Old Hilly's boose, she had not thought proper to give him any property at all. He had the use of the servants, and his good mamma-in-law thought that was enough. But the old lady was very kind-hearted and credulous; and yet with these good qualities in his favor ed since the heart (that for years had Oht Billy had planned and platted for years in vain, trying to induce "our mammy," (as he called her,) to give him a title to the darkies. At last a new

> of acquisitiveness. Old Billy was attacked very suddenly and very severely with cramp cholic.-He went to bed, rolled, grouned, grunted, and tumbled, contracting his arms and legs. His wife wanted to send for

"Oh. Mely, its no use. I can't revive it. I'll suspire fore night. Espatch Cate for Captain Murry, to write my hast willin' testament."

Capt Muery came, and found the dying man in great pain; his end was at hand. After the captain had mended his pen, and placed his writing fixing all ready for use, the sick man whined out in a faint weak voice-

" Mely, ax our mammy to come in." The old lady came, distressed and antibleig.

"Ob, mammy," whispered Old Billy in a hasky tone, " I'm ended, and I don't know how to go 'lout making my will. Can't you tell me what you gwine to do wid dem niggers ov yourn? You need n't be afraid to gin 'em to me; I'm a gwine to gin most on 'em to Betsey, unyhow." Betsey was Old Billy's ondaughter, and a namesake and great favorite of the old lady.

"Well, Mr L-, you've always been kind to me. I'll give 'cm to you, and you can just place 'em on your children to your own liking." " Put dat down, Captain Murry."

The captain, being somewhat ac puninted with the forms in such cases, made and provided, wrote a bill of sale. and silently motioned to the old lady to sign it. When she did so, the dying man exclaimed-

" Witness dat, Captain Murry." The Captain signed his name as witness to the paper, and laid it at the back of the table, next to the bed, and prepared to write the will. Then seeing the dying man so quiet, he thought it was stuper, and called out to rouse him

Old Billy turned in his bed, took up the pape, and asked in a voice wonderimproved--"Is dis a good biller sale, Captain Murry?"

" I'm ready to write now, sir,"

" Certainly ; I think so." Well, Mely, look 'hind the press, and bring dat or bottle; maybe Captin Marr'd like to take a little on it. The captain barely touched it to his

lips, then setting the bottle on the table; asked, " What shall I write?" "Why, captain, I feel siderably leav-

ed. I'll espone it a day or two." Then sitting up on the bed-side, he reached out his hand to the bottle, and the comfort commenced running down his capacious spirit-duct, at a rate, that if continued as long as the moral law, would have made a common fish-pond of the Atlantic Ocean. Then slipping the bill of sale into his pocket, Old B

ly exclaimed, in a full, strong voice,

Well, captain, if I keep on mendia'

I'll go up to Carlton in the mornin', and have this bitter sale 'corded. Then let Lem H- be botherin' me, I'll taught him who them ar nigger 'long to,' Captain Murry "vamosed"; and even now he goes into convulsions if any man mentions the writing of a will The first bit of silver he could call

his own, says the Hon. J. T. Buckingham, in his just published "Personal reeds of the sale of a bunch of bristles to a brush maker. He kept it as a poclet-piece for years, and then parted with it to pay the postage of a letter to his mother. How much is revealed of the boman heart in such a trifling ancedote. The affections overcame the van ity or the incipient love of accumula tion, which boyish desires or wants could not conquer.

reacted old lady was once reproved quite sharply by her friends, for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, when he asked charity in the streets of Buston. "Suppose be spent the money for rum !" said the neosorious and suspicious friend. The quick and noble nower was, "If you must 'suppose' at all, why not "suppose" that he will spend the money for bread! Why suppose anything that is coll about any es, when you are at liberty to suppose what is good and noble ?" That lady had the true Christian spirit.

-Happiness, like a snall, is never

found from home, nor without a home -The greatest wisdom of speech is to know when, and where and what to

-It is more prudent to overlook trivial offences than to quarrel about them.

Pleasure words are as a honey comb-